



"STAY IN THE SWIM OF THINGS"

• GRAPHIC DESIGN • MANSA K. MUSSA

ANYWAY YOU COME

Sometimes my love for women consumes me
Leaves me hopelessly in their clutches
I try to guard against it by being strong and disciplined
And remembering how much of a stir it would cause
If I pursued this woman who I cherished so dearly
I acquiesced
And quietly longed to reach out and touch her
With the same love I knew she had for me
But alas, I moved too slowly
With burdened heart, as my loved one flitted away
Like a butterfly, she may never return.

June 22, 1981 M.K. Mussa  



MANSA K. MUSSA

NOVEMBER 4, 1982 THURSDAY 6:00 PM

I struggle in Amerika. Like a
lion in winter. Laboring for sanity.
For insanity's sake. Driven by hidden
fires, to inspire, those around in the
round and round. Nature's serious
child. Asking questions. Demanding
answers. Seeking truth. To ferret it
out. Out of every nook and cranny,
from the righteous and their granny.
Down usurper, down charlatan, down liar.
Down in sin's putrid mire.

Up you wonders. Rise ye righteous. The
world awaits your coming. Graves your
colorful rainbow. Needs your radiant love.
Shine my people. Shine. Rise to the
occasion, nurture the heritage, fullfill
the promise of a bright new tomorrow.
Rise! Rise! Rise!

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Manza K. Mussa



MANSA K. MUSSA

Now I will admit

that there are knuckleheads from Newark,

and jerks from Jersey City.

But I've met more creeps,

and freaks,

and geeks,

and...

bleeps!

IN NEW YORK!

R.I.P.

Slate gray skies
and winters here,
Freezin' nigga's in
their tracks.

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M.K. Mussa



MANSA K. MUSSA

IDES OF MARCH

Beware the IDES of March
A time for mistaken identities.
When winter can seem
like spring.
And with one gust of
August wind
Reminds us of the real deal.
Teasing me into spring
But reminding me of
Winters awful cold stench.
Beware the IDES March.
Of mistakes both
BIG and small.

February 22, 1982

ODE TO MARCH

March is here.
And it sticks its
long, bare, gray arm
over the populous.
Its the sixth of March
And we've had:
Warm temperatures,
Extreme colds,
Rain (it's raining now)
All of the seasons so far,
Except winter's cold white glove
Sleep tight
Snow white.
I said this is the sixth day.
There are 25 more thru this
MARCH, or die.

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SOME NOTES OF THE DAY

AMERICA, where violence is as
AMERICAN as apple pie. Heroes always
die gallantly, bravely, to the end.
Whether slaughtering Indians, Africans, or
just anybody.

Children 18, 16, 13, 20 are killing people
in the street.

Sisters shot in the back in
Chattanooga, and the killers go free.

Brother beaten to death in Florida,
and the killers go free.

CWP Five shot on national television,
and the killers go free.

Young brothers and sisters shot down
everyday, in everywhere city America, USA,
and the killers go free.

Why doesn't someone put a stop to all
of this madness?

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"WHEN IT COMES TO
RESISTANCE, OUR PEOPLE
IN AMERICA HAVE A LONG
HISTORY OF BEING QUITE
PASSISVE. BUT NOT WITH OUR
BROTHERS AND SISTERS, WHO
WE SHOOT, CUT AND STOMP
TO DEATH, FOR WHICH WE
PROMPTLY GO TO PRISONS
LOADED WITH BROTHERS AND
SISTERS.

"WISH WE WOULD BE AS
DEMONSTRATIVE WITH OUR
OPPRESSORS. SINCE THEY
AIN'T TAKEN THIS YOKE UP
OFF OUR NECKS YET."

em.k. mussa ⊕ © 1980



A VALE OF TEARS

When I get the blues
I write
Like Langston Hughes
And pour out,
A vale of tears
For Harlem's maudlin fears.
It's blacks live like a colony
With their greatest hopes in their progeny.
Yes, we are the home born slaves
And we speak in the vernacular
We are treated like knaves
And the odds against us seem spectacular.
But I am the African
of America
And I am stoic
But like the negro
I too have grown weary.
Weary of the thousand tears
Poured over four hundred years.

M.K. MUSSA 

(Unfinished work in progress.)



MANSA K. MUSSA